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pright secured according to law.] For the National Era HERMAN:

VOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

BT E. FOXTON. Author of " Premices."

s and sweet for you," said he; and he

d the soup was evidently imported, as sional use and chance comers-there were the plantation luxuries of broiled pigeons and wed by a desert of dried fruits and West India sweetmeats. The white, boarding-house earthenressed glass, being interspersed with is and beautiful specimens of Indian and ma, and Bohemian crystal, cracked The spoons and forks were some forman silver, and some of pure Spanish. with a French or Spanish name. Again, ns to St. Dominique's face, he saw 's looks fixed upon him with a

keep on good terms with Sam's sion of the sentence wa, inaudible. wast, "I am fond of old plate; and some of

the world, one who has a taste that way picks and looking after Herman.

Oh, the ——! Twill be down again within a bour, and the thunder, too. Never saw such d nursery jades and mammies put into it into stop and stay the night. If following the property of the property is to be now better? Better into stop and stay the night. If following the property is to be now better? r ve till to-morrow. Your mother knows re out, don't she? Besides, your nice acaour dear native home is too far from here You own a man named Sam Talisterro.

Yes, I do own a man named Sam Taliaferro; and the blackest -est devil he is, that ever

hat, of course, as a stranger you're

don't know but I'll play with you for that." rly impossible. I even know nothockets with one hand, and with the other poing a cae, into Herman's, "I must have some

Sam Taliaferro? Sam Taliaferro? What a want of Sam Taliaferro? Got a spite

said to wear it; for he had stripped it off from a fairly got the better of him. "Well, then his back—which was red and raw—and govered himself with it elsewhere as well as he could.

of what use a man, whom you hate, nd who probably does not serve you satisfac-

possibly be to you, in comparison certainly you may, sir. Always pleased

ratify an enlightened curiosity. I'll satisfy is, not myself, but by proxy. I'll place a o answer any questions you please—as I have my suspicions that you have an indiscriminate

of them freely himself before he grew gain, while Herman had leisure to observations and reflections upon the the foreign delicacies already menthe foreign delicacies already menget there, and twouldn't worth getting to if you could. Oh, d—n thell, always ready, always real, always near!"
Throughout this speech, he raised the deep hass of his voice only of calling to his servant. Of could scarcely say that there was any passic, but only the bitter ashes of burned themselves out. His cool malignity was as much more hideo's than the fury of a violent man, as a cold-bit oded rattlesnake is than a raging catamount.

violent man, as a cold-bloded rattlesnake is than a raging catamount.

"Will you allow me to see the man?" said Herman, without the slip test expectation that he would.

"With the greatest plasure, sir," said St. Dominique, turning up him with a bow; "Ho, Abaddon, call Bee bub."

"Is he going to take unthinself seven spirits worse than himself?" the cat Herman; "where will he go to find them?

Beelzebub soon appered, as is the custom.

Beelzebub soon apper ed, as is the custom of fiends when called : "This gentleman wishes to have the pleas re of making scape-goat's acquaintance.) a will go down with him to the quarter, atte - I him while he stays, St. Dominique's looks fixed upon him with a gaze country stern and sinister. He colored berus. Give him any profitable information that you can. He is no route engaged in writing the gaze fell; and St. Dominique pushed back his chair, and rose, saying, "Well, if you can't find anything fit to eat or drink, we may as well be moving, if you've done inspecting my silver."

"I beg your pardon," said Herman, thinking down. "Take down a collar with you," conthat some apology was due, and wishing for the tinued St. Dominique, and "-the conclu-

"An den take it off, has'r?" "Take it off when yo're ordered, you—jail bird! Good-day, sir," said he, with another All right, sir. No offence. Old tars are mock reverence to Herman. He turned and went up stairs; and Herman, turning himself dan't keep more articles of that kind round, after he left the house, and looking back, to convince himself that he had really been in than I want to use myself commonly; and when such a home, of such a trian, saw him lounging devise set out the table with any old things they can by their hands on. Going round and round

At the distance of nearly a sixteenth of a t spoon at an old curiosity-shop in Amster- towards it, stood eight (abins, or rather pens, dam. Take it into the other room with you, if you like it; and we'll play a game of billiards thurst into holes cut in an upright post in each thurst into holes cut in an upright post in each gorner. They were low, and about six or seven and as I have thirty miles to go before I sleep, feet wide, and twelve or courteen long, and had no chimmeys. At the grid of the row, nearest, was a much smaller on resembling a kennel.

"Is that your que er?" said Herman.
"No, mas'r. Nobbit eventy."
"You don't mean the you get seventy men into those huts!" " No, mas'r, some on 'em's women an chilens.

some new wild-out sowing angel out neck cels, and then banged down again with a put de little ones in de corners, an pack close, ach that shivered them all into long cracks an lay still; an if dey don't, I jus takes de cow-hide, an cracks roun a little, an pacifies best over-head. When it wakes me, em. Dar's room enough, an to spare, if dey head, in the night, cometimes—on'y lays right. Keeps em warm to stow s ii-1 think it's the day of doom come! snug."
his hard, isn't it, when you're all alone in | # Will wonders ever cease?" thought Her

"What's that you have in your hand?"
"What dey call de Lous and neckiace, for

It was a ring of iron, with a padlock, and three long prongs, projecting at nearly equal

"Why is he not at work with the rest? "Laws, sar, he don't work much. He's d scape goat, dese yer days."
"The what?"

"De scape-goat, sar-what mas'r St. Domi nique call de precarious sacrifice. He keep de rest to work, an one to chastify, for a sample Well, I'm a law-and-order man, sir, and I allers. De ole scape-goat he die, just arter we got Sam; an Sam be de wus nigger we ever cotched here; so mas'r say he promote him. He no good to work, so he de bes' one to whip."

"Good God!" said Herman to himself "this is no conscious wilful blasphemy! I can-not, will not think it! No soul ever fashioned by Thee could be capable of it! That wretch is mad, and knows not what he does! Deliver him from himself, and his victim from him! He looked at the negro. There was no malice in his face, nor horror, nor remosa, but simple me excepting active sports in the open air.

Not know billiards, at your age! I'll teach
then; and we'll play for small stakes at
Came, said he, rolling the balls into the
soever it may be in the details. Herman went

> "It seems to me your master trusts you a good deal, don't he? to have his cabins so close to the fence, and the fence to the road." "Laws, sar, he like to show how bedient a well-broke de folks is, does so. He knows dey won't sun away, cause when they does, he pulls

"What?' "Wid pinchers, sar." De fus time one, de nex time two, and so en. Dey nebber needs it more dan twice dough, sar; make 'em keep roun, steady as de cows, widout no more lookin

They reached the nearest cabin, and looked in. Sam lay at his length on his side, on the earthen floor. He had about him nothing but a coarse, dirty blue shirt. He could hardly be said to wear it; for ne had stripped it off from than he would to you." Herman turned red; and his eyes flashed; St. Dominique pale; and his eyes flashed York and Lancaster, understanding one another, proved hopelessly uncongenial.

"May I ask," said Herman swallowing his

"Halloo!" cried Beelzebub, "you bad nigger! What, starvin yourse! again! You better eat your breakfast, cause dere's plenty more pepper-pods a growing whar de las' ones comed

large, with a sort of hopeless expectancy and de-fiance, which gradually changed to surprise nad curiosity as he saw the expression there. Her-man, in the mean time, studied his with equal surprise and interest, and perhaps with almost equal gratification. Squalid, miserable, sick, as he was, he tooked like a man, and an intelligent he was, he looked like a man, and an intelligent and undaunted one—St. Dominique's match, perhaps, in all but circumstances, and therefore the object of St. Dominique's match, perhaps, in all but circumstances, and therefore the object of St. Dominique's deadlier hate—a sort of Prometheus, cast by the Creator's Nathaniel Nardwell, Editor. Herman took it, and read, to his intense disgust:

"Abolitionism in High Life.

bereavement, from her ancestral halls, to seek a hospitable asylum among the barren hills and icy snow-drifts of the North, selling her patronymic estates and stock, has adopted Abolition sentiments, and commissioned her favored and fortunate lover, Mr. Arden, of Boston, to seek and repurchase all her servants, with a view to emancipation, making, as we understand, his success in this romantic, but whatever else we man's gonge scutum; what on earth? oh yes and repurchase all her servants, with a view to emancipation, making, as we understand, his success in this romantic, but, whatever else we may predicate of it, amlable enterprise the condition of her ultimate acceptance of his hand."

So, Mr. Nardwell had had a reason for his interminable questions. Why could not Herman have fancied them more adroitly? How atrociously impertinent sup vexatious! His face was a sufficient anser to St. Dominique.

"I thought as much' said he, with loathing emphasis. "A laz, who can't drink or play! What were you made for,' as the catechism says. An Abolit onist! Oh, d—n it!"

He spat emphatically, and bellowed, "Ho, Abad—the spat emphatically, and cheese. He offered it to Sam. He shook his head. He had finished eating his task, and wanted only to lie still.

Herman sat down by him. "My poor fellow," said he, "I am sorry to find you in such a condition. I have been looking for you this long time, for your old mistress, Miss Aspen—wall. She wanted to buy you back again." Sam started into a sitting posture. "But Mr. St. Dominique is unwilling to sell you." Sam

long time, for your old mistress, Miss Aspen-wall. She wanted to buy you back again."
Sam started into a sitting posture. "But Mr.
St. Dominique is unwilling to sell you." Sam sank back again with a groan, then looked at Herman, then all round the hut, and then at Beelzebub, who was looking, for his part, at the paper of provisions, and licking his lips. A thought seemed to strike Sam. "Can he have [To be CONTINUED.]

some?" said he, speaking with a somewhat foreign accent.

"Certainly," said Herman, handing the paper to Beelzebub, who instantly possessed himself of the largest piece of gingerbread, and, carefully keeping his back turned to the house, sank on the floor with it between Herman and the door, his limbs seeming to be loosened beneath him with excess of ranture. "But what

the door, his limbs seeming to be loosened be-neath him with excess of rapture. "But what can I do for you?" continued Dr. Arden. "I would wish," said Sam, turning his shrewd watchful eye alternately on Herman and Beel-zebub, "a new vest, and some chocolate com-fits, and some"—Beelzebub took a large mouthful, and gave a loud craunch-" Parlez vous Français?

"Yes; mais celui?" rejoined Herman, un der cover of craunch the second. "Non; and some cigars, sir," added the scape-goat, looking towards Beelzebub, whose progress through his gingerbread was for the moment arrested, apparently by the reflection that he could have relished a piece of the cheese with it. Herman supplied him, and carefully selected for his benefit the most explosive of the biscuits. Then placing himself so that he could watch him, he imitated Sam's ruse, speaking French at each bite and craunch, and relapsing into English as mastication

"What sort of a waistcoat would you like? "Yellow. Voulez-vous m'aider?" "De tout mon coeur-mais comment?"
"Good-bye, sir. Quand il pluie"-

"Yes, I must go."
"La prochaine fois"-"Some more gingerbread?" said Herman to Beelzebub, who did not refuse. " Venez-là, à minuit à la fence-et siffle "Venez-la, a minuit à la fence—et sifflez comme un quail. Je viendrai. Give me a conteau, a pistolel chargé, un oguon"——
"A quoi cela?"
"Pour frotter les pieds. My respects to mistis. A dollar now, for meat—pour le chien."
"Assurément. Est-ce que l'on ne vous écou-

tera pas, quand vous sortirez?"
"Non, je dors seul." "Good-bye, Sam, I wish I could take you

"Come, Beelzehub Beelzebub rose, locked the collar about Sam's neck, and preceded Herman, who dropped a behind him just within the and waited before it, while Sam crawled to it

Never was conspiracy more speedily con-Sam, lying on an earmen woor, have reheared all the particulars of his escape, in his hope-less day-dreams, in order to be able to make his requests so promptly and judiciously. How many times must he have longed in vain, for that knife, and pistol, and onion, and dollar. that knife, and pistol, and onion, and dollar.

St. Dominique's purpose, in permitting the interview, had probably been only to harrow the feelings of the young knight-errant, by the spectacle and story of the helpless misery of the person whom he wished to relieve. He down he falls, down, ever. But, the cold wind beats had alceady become impatient, and suspicious ference was over; he saw Beelzebub bringing out the wagon; and Beelzebub was utterly unaware that anything of the least importance had been discussed in Sam's cabin, excepting the cheese, busenit, and gingerbread.

Herman drove off from the gate, feeling like one awaking, and scarcely awaking, from a wild weird dream, or as if, somehow, Memory and Faney had been playing Puss-in-the-corner in his mind, and taken each other's places. "I must have been bewitched in this wild, strange country," said he, "or exchanged understand-ings with Liza Maria. I thought I had heard and seen the inconceivable worst of Slavery before; but can I ever really have heard and seen such things as there? Can I be in the first stages of a delirium. He put his hand mechanically to his pulse. Pshaw, it was all real enough, and too real; but I must set down a specimen of it in my note-book, or I shall scarcely take even my own word for it hereat-

London, (sneer not! Trans-Atlantic London was probably a hamlet once,) he inquired for a lawyer, and was told that there was "a right smart one twenty mile off, at Nineveh." rode thither early the next morning, hoping to be able to rescue poor Sam at once, without ex-posing him to the risks of a doubtful race or fight with negro-hunters, biped or quadruped. Mr. Dunham, the lawyer, received him gladly pricked up his ears at the idea of "a little bus ness," promised segrecy, produced pens and paper, and was all civil attention. As Herman proceeded, however, in his brief account of his visit to St. Dominique, two perpendicular wrin-kles began to stripe the bridge of his advocate's nose; he wrote slowly, and presently threw him-self back in his chiar, with the inauspicious

"Well, sir: and what did you propose to de in the affair 4 "To seek the remedy provided by the

against the ill-treatment of slaves. I have be assured again and again, by Southern gentle men, that when applied for, it was ample."
"Indubitably, sir, indubitably; but in al cases we must have evidence.

"Have I not? the evidence I suppose, sir; that the chastisement was ex-

"He was raw from his nead to his hips!" "That is no proof at all that the chastise ment was excessive. The nigger may have been very refractory, and the owner have corrected him just so far, and no farther, than was required to reduce him to needful submission. What would you do yourself, if you had a high-spirited colt, now? You would bear if no illwill, very probably—in your secret hear, you might even appreciate it all the more for its mettle—but you'd have to beat it till you'd broke

"By how much, then," thought Herman, "is "By how much, then," thought Herman, a man better than a horse?"

"The court couldn't manifestly," continued the advocate, "undertake to determine the precise number of blows required for the subjugative number of blows required for the number of blows

"We are arguing in a circle, sir. It can't be All that is wanted to find the bright-eyed daughters of one of the bright-eyed daughters of one of the most ancient and noble families of the sun-ay South. (Carolina.) who of late was driven, a weering out the standard of the sun-ay south. (Carolina.) who of late was driven, a weering out the standard of the sun-ay south. (Carolina.) who of late was driven, a weering out the standard of the sun-ay south. (Carolina.) who of late was driven, a weering out to request a private interview; and even if Bedzebib was disposed to prove donly by evidence; and what we have and the sun-bing of our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

All that is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, and a Satyr stretched niss and a Dryad bent down from her three to drop flowery coronals upon their brows. The man could the stirled of the large of our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

All that is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, and a Satyr stretched niss of our blind.

So very, very weary yet, and even if Bedzebib was disposed to prove the stirled on the sun-blind of the large of our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, and a Satyr stretched niss of our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, and the is wanter for our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the is wanter for our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the interview; and the is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, who have e we find the interview; and the is wanter for our blind.

What need to stir, who have e we find the interview; and the is wanter for our blind.

So very, very weary yet, who have even find the interview; and the is the strength of our blind.

So very, very weary yet, who have even find the interview; and the is the interview; and the is th

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such As sense cannot untie. Be what it is, The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep, And thus the fever-spawned phantasms

anged themselves in Jasper's brain: Beginning with a vaguest sense of unrest, anxiety, of rushings to and fro, of pained hurryings and partings; the many-toned murm of and a chirrup, and a carol, oh, so silver sounda multitude, pressing upon him like a storm- ing, so dulcet and inspiring: lashed ocean against some barrier reef; a vague, wild desire to get away from haunting forms, and chattering imps, and black-faced fiends, that pressed their leering, sweaty visages close to him, and would embrace him, and clasp him

in their flabby, fevered arms. And he was a little child that had taken his the wee Châlet of the Vale, aneath the snowy mountains, and now he rambled out to play upon onward and upward, up to the gates of Heaven, the crimson-brimmed honey-fount; that cares to the fields of empyrean, where daintily over his head a butterfly that had lost its way from the far-off sunny plains, a gorgeous butterfly, with steel-blue tentacles, and rich black velvet wings, sprinkled with golden spots, away, up the pass, over the brown rocks splotchbutterfly that still lured him, quivering in advance, as the air quivers over a meadow when the noon-tide sun is hot; away over the glister-like ancient Saturn, ing ice-fields, plunging into snow waist-deep, banks, till, suddenly—does the gay butterfly swayed the sombre hangings from the arching mount aloft, or does he fall?—aye, he falls the arching branches; and calm and earnest moved the down down with the swiftness of the under the thought, the nations worshippes and have cliff, with its stone-heaped roof, and its grassy

sward, where the mother stands in the doorway, wringing her hands as he rushes by, and calling out,
"Jasper! Jasper!"
And her voice is the voice of his Lady-Mother, eternal woe at his heart, such long white hai

not in our faces after this fashion when we fall-does he not rise, and mount, and fly? Is it not Abaddon, whom he sent down to put an end to that he is child no longer; can a child, a little it, had had time to reach the quarter, the conjutterfly chaser, have such a cruel, crushing. such aching eye-balls, drear with long use, such a furrowed brow? Is he not Ahasuerus, lost and lorn, flying on the breath of the death cursed life-flying on, ever, unceasingly?

"Like one that on a lo esome road,
Dob run in fear and dread,
And, having once turned roand, runs on,
And turns no n ore his head;
Because he knows a frightful find
Doth close behind him tread?

Or is it that he, the doomed and damned Atha Eors, unresting, unhoping, unseeing, unhear-ing, feeling only! On through the Spaces coursed he winged and wounded, like an eagle, whom some barbed shaft of dusky warrior hatl pierced as he swooped towards his quarry from the cliff, and now, with scream and pain, he wings his heavy flight towards his eyrle under the glacier, or his perch in the dead mountain

and eternal woful iteration of flight; now he was seeking to hide himself in Ganges' mighty flood, and floated downward from the sacred source, from Himmehlavan Hills, past all the holy cities, by Benares, through the Delta, while the fishes shunned him, and the Croco-diles plashed tremblingly away from him, until the indignant waves spurned him forth into the sun-barnt Ocean; now seeking that he cannot purchase, death, by entering into the wild-boar's frame, and fleeing, all foam fleeked and bloody, before flerce hounds and shouting spear-men in Transylvanian forests; now soars he with the spirit's wing through God's eternal space lumberingly up the sky, and, plucking some wild Comet by its beard, is hurled into the night's night, where, transfused into a glistening mass to our dim eyes, the worlds roll onward in appointed course, nor heed the narrow orbits of our Spheres; then,

Through the star-gates of il e high luminous land," he hurlted back, and mingled with his fellows ran the wild race of passion, fled the fruitless flight of shame, that scourges itself in fleeing and, mounted on the shining fire-breathing black steeds of the sneering Mephistophiles rode in dark torture past all the grim Rabe in a midnight race over the dark southe breathed upon by the Storm-King's Champ and curst with a crew of yellow Majays, hor in their funereal robes and white turbans, Time, the red gore still dripping down the broad

knife-pierced breast.

Then there was a pause in the wild rush of fevered thought a pause, while he sat all motionless in the palm-tree's shade, by the stagnant lake, where the mailed Saurian snored out his properties. it in, before you could make it of any service his noon-tide siesta; sat there, feeding languid to you, wouldn't you? and so you would a ly upon the lotos, and crowning his weary brow with its white and coral blossoms; until though and hope, and fear, and fond desire, and bli ful consciousness, all melted mistily away ages, for he was all aweary, and aweary, a his brain was poweriess to compact or though cise number of blows required for the subjuga-tion of the man, any more than the horse. No-body, of course, would be prone wantonly to depreciate their own property, in the horse or the man. In all these cases it is rationally to be presumed that the master's interest is a sufficient safeguard for the safety of the slave."

"But if it proves not to be so?"

"We are arguing in a circle size of the slave."

"What need of thought for a ressing mind,

he was in the minutest danger of life or limb?"

The manything which had been done to him, perhaps not, but "perhaps not

"Like a lambent flamelet Glimmering, playing; Like the richest sunlight,

Now it drones lazily, now it thunders forth alarums, telling of the clattering hoofs, the dust and roar of the charge, the clashing stroke of little breakfast of brown bread and goat's-milk it dies away in a cadence, the tremulous tones from the hand of his prim-hoddiced mother, in of a dirge lower, lower, lower, till its silence is that "Sweet place of sweet repose,"

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings, And Phochus 'gins arise, H1 steeds to water at those springs On chalie'd flowers that lies."

And while the swelling peal of the jubilant black velvet wings, sprinkled with golden spots, as if it had robbed some waving flower of its to light up the cathedral, touching their waved sweets, ere the dew was off its pollen. And censers at the tall altar candles, and diffusing away he scampered after the pretty insect, that still hovered over him just at his hand, away, blends with the tranced rapture of his soul, all he came to the glacier, following on after the shall we say, or rather a Druid temple, arched

ing ice-fields, plunging into snow waist-deep, sull as the silence round about his lair." leaping over crevasse, sliding along frozen when Thea found him; and weird and solemn and upon that alter-stone His Spirit smiles, Jewish tabernacle, in the days when Moses saw Him, and thenceforth so glowed from the reflection of that holy Presence, that men feared to look upon His face.

Pictures were there, too; Abraham at his altar on Moriah, learning the lesson of faith; and Noah, pointing with his sacrificial knife towards God's bowed promise in the starry heavens; and Orpheus, with his lyre exalting man from and Orpheus, with his lyre exalting man from brute into humanity by the spell of art; and Plato, from his honeyed lips defining Psyche's undying essence and eternal cyclic progress; and He, the Master, with His tender hand laid pattingly upon a hittle golden hanged child, teaching those hearded ones the lesson that He lived; and Boodha, born Guadma, in Thibetan hills, proclaiming moral life, and happy introvertive calm; and there also were pictured saints, who have not suffered vain martyrdom since art has won her perfect grace through the inspiration of their lives. One little gem he saw there, and he thought 'twas by good Fra Angelico; the Saviour, with His holy hand upraising the woman in the temple, where she lay the crimson shame which filled her, had made the tip of her ear blush red. None but Angel-ico could fall so full that holy face with pity, with love, and with its expression of divine com

away, the cathedral-forest seemed to waver and flicker in the wavering and flickering light, and ed more and more with each other, and the dreamy arching branches aloft receded farther and farther; when, suddenly, a clear soprano voice commenced a solo, softly followed by the organ's softest notes; a broad light glared in and farther; when, suddenly, a clear soprano voice commenced a solo, softly followed by the organ's softest notes; a broad light glared in from above, and a clear shaft of celored as came down through painted windows, upon his head, and upon all the scene, sepulchrally illumining the whole place, and showing forth in all their grinning horror the grotesquely sculptured faces around him, that were stone, and yet mouthed and mimed towards him, till it was a horror to behold them. Above all impressions, however, the voice took precedence, a was a horror to behold them. Above all impressions, however, the voice took precedence, a wondrous clear soprano, pouring forth a wail that ceased not, a wail that was heard in heaven, and made earth to tremble—a wail that transfixed him as with an arrow dipt in the venom of eternal torment, transfixed him ever, and would not be drawn out. And yet, in the wondrous voice, and in the choral monotone that dragged after it, and in the seft organ utterance that relieved in he in the there was pictured to his sight, through there was pictured to his sight, through the magic of association, moved into operativeness by the maociation, moved into operativeness by the ma-greian sound, a purple passion-flower, that bud-upon him, like the fell miasma that the evening gieian sound, a purple passion-flower, that bud-ded and bloomed in its sad fashion, borne down under the weight of its cross:

even Christ sank under. This is life, and its the longing, the fainting, the despair of the imprisoned soul." Then the giaring light assumed a softer, mel-

lower tone, and the wailing voice merged its miserere in the exultation of a happy song, while it seemed as if a curtain had been drawn while it seemed as if a curtain had been drawn up, revealing to the gaze, flooded in pleasant light, the greenest and daintest mede ever seen, where the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, blossomed beautifully, sprinkling the grassy sward with charms as varying and delightful as those that are reflected from the sun-kissed ripples of a summer brooklet; there was a fountain near by, also, from whose mossy mouth stream ran gurgling and laughing, mocked in verted into a pleasant grotto, where Pan piped

hands fuller than I would wish to have mine.

"But St. Dominique distinctly told me he had a spite against the man."

"Did he? No? I opine you wouldn't like to swear to that."

"I should."

"Dunham looked at him again, and set it down. "That comes nearer than anything we've had yet to prove malice. Of itself, however, it don't amount to much. A man may have a spite deservedly against a servant, without the slighest intent to main or kill. Anything more to that effect?"

"He keeps his negroes from running away by pulling out their toe-nails for every unsuccessful attempt to escape. He keeps Sam lesist to work than to serve for what he calls a scapegoat, and tortures him as a warning to the rest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[A SPER: A ROMANCE.

IN EXEMBARD SPENCE.

IN EXEMBARD SPENCE.

IN II. A ROMANCE.

IN EXEMBARD SPENCE.

IN II. A ROMANCE.

IN EXEMBARD SPENCE.

IN III. The more speaking such as we come had to sunshine to shade to sunshine, and from unable to shade, on the bosom of some forest-piercing river, he thought that would not down, prophetic imayhap, and typical, in vaguest symbolism, of that which was, and is, and is to be. A long, and the leaps and typical, in vaguest symbolism, of that which was, and is, and is to be. A long, and the latempt to escape. He keeps Sam lesist to work than to serve for what he calls a scapegoat, and tortures him as a warning to the rest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

I AS PER: A ROMANCE.

I A ROMANCE. a wave of ocean sweeps up over the beach squirrel leaps gaily from limb to limb, and tree whereon the bather stands; now solemn, scarce to tree in search of the butter like and the whereon the bather stands; now solemn, scarce audible, now deep and stentorian; it rises and falls, it ebbs and flows, like the heavy tapestry of some grand Norman hall, when summer winds pulse fitfully in at the high-arched casements; now it moans with the pained shiver and feeble trill of the new-made mother as newly childless; now it strangely ullulates; now, like the lark, it soars aloft, with a quaver, and a carel, the so silver sound; office the glorious small of the reice amely in

"A purple flower sprung up, checquered with whi e,
Resembling well his pale checks and the bleod
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.
She bows her head the new sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death."

"Lives on in the sun and the dew :"

that is more lush in its ripeness than the pom granate; richer in its fragrance than musk or jasmin; softer to the touch than thy mistress's velvety cheek; God's gift to man, last planted of flowers in Paradise, that its freshest, dewy, apring bloom might hang over Eve's nuptial bower, and her panting breath drink in some of its fragrant essence; from whose cup the loving nightingale sips the nectar that inspires dead, impaled on its thorns; the Rose, the tovely rose of the garland! And the voice melted yet more and more, and soft murmurs came from the forest, wafted on a languid breeze, and the Dryad kissed her Satyr, and Pan chanted the praises of his syrinx to a chorus of nymples, that encircled him in mazy dance; and the Rose, the dewy Rose, bowed gently forward, quivering in the air, and blush ng, yet lovelier as she saluted the irramer. "Oh I know" said the dreemer to his hear

gentle song-syllables in his ears, and fills his nostrils with its fragrant breath, setting his brain on fire with its intoxicating glow, dancing around him in choral mazes, flushing his cheek with eloquent suggestions, beading his cup, springing in his gait, pulsing with his heart Oh, I know, I know that this is love, on, I know, I know, for I have plucked the Rose

"Rosy is the West,
Rosy is the South,
Rosy are her cheeks,
And a rose her mouth."

"I said to the rose, 'the brief night goe a.
In babble and revol and gitte.
On young test deer, what uggs are those Parole that will never be time!
But ming, but mine; so I sweat to the rose,
'Forever and ever mine.'
And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the intesic classical in the half." oh, a murmured mellow song it was, and

beauteous perfumed rose! There, amid the scene that glows so with love, that palpitates with the breath of jove floating over it; dancing to the merry, mellow music, whirl-ing drunken with the merry, mellow chorus, and the gushing tender song, and the breathed essence of love, that hangs there like incense around an altar; a lovely perfuned rose, bending ever fondly towards him, ever bending over its dewy lips towards him, its lips, that glow with life-long kisses, towards him; glowing more and more, and growing ever brighter, lovelier, lovinger, in its atmosphere of love!
"Oh charm of youth and love!" he whi pers in his dream, "oh grace of youth and dewy, blushing, crimson, perfumed rose, do yo have your type and strength, your gift and glo

breeze brings aboard hapless ships becalme ander the weight of its cross:

"And this," he murmured to himself, interpreting the symbolism, "and this means life, which we enter in pain, and which ever bears upon its bosom the cross; that heavy cross which life, or is it death? This darkness "heavy as darkness, that he can feel, that makes him shriek out with curdling blood, so awful is it i Where "the icy earth swings blind and black-ening in the monicos are "a silent, stirless blackness, not for an hour nor a day, but for months and years; dark, silent, black, and hor rible. Where thought lives rushingly, and, lacking other food, feeds cannibally on itselfacous of moody thought, ranging from the in finity of worlds to the minuteness of the tiny sand-spar, and all torn out of his own bosom, pelican like, to feed a thankless progeny, a murdering parricidal brood.

Is it life, or is it death? Better to swim

amid the lakes of hell, whose waters are hot lavas, eating to the bone, and not consuming better to bleach on the cold cliff, fettered in adaand the proud exhilarant chorus. The sombre
Cathedral hangings melted away before the genial sunshine, and the rock hearn altar was converted into a pleasant grotto, where Pan piped
than thus to be devoured by yourself, locked in

color again after this fashion: There was a sense of Tartarean darkness, and a vast im-mensity of "aboriginal silence," such as one

brooded over the motionless, formless waste of with the cities, in which to assemble for amus primeval matter. "rudis indigestaque moles; Nec quicquam, nisi pondus iners; congesta Non pene junctarum discordia semina rer

There was around him a murky something, There was around him a murky something, whether an idea or a substance, a fluid or a vapor, he could not resolve; but his thoughts hinted of it as a thick deliquescent mass of lava-consistency; and he dreamed that it typined the element of despair. It oppressed him, drowned his faculties, so to speak, until all was located the same thought was horrible, for the case which has driven the deer and bear which has driven the deer and bear saw, it smelt, it heard, it touched, it tasted; it quivered in his nerves; it went through digeson, aching and toiling, like an independent power of itself, and compressing into each mo-ment the hopes, fears, bliss, remorse, and agonies of life of ages and multitudes. TO BE CONTINUED.

From the New York Evening Post. MARYLAND.

The Alpine Plateau—Description of Scenery Bear Hunting in the Mountains-Their Escape in the Laurel Thickets - Meshack Browning, the Chief of Bear Hunters-May-nard's Gun-Sharp Shooting.

WASHINGTON, November, 1858. To the Editor of the Evening Post :

Your paper occasionally relieves its readers office the glorious swell of the voice amply indicated. The flower, consecrate to Dione, was it, to Dione, goddess, queen, woman, for, when her dear Adonis shed his crimson blood, their products, of people and their employments and their products, of people and their employments and manners. Mr. Bryant's letter from abroad are many feet deep, strong, and unyielding to presents the features of foreign lands of which we have read and heard much, but which were hunter must make his way over and not through never made visible before to the untravelled of our countrymen. I would be glad to do something like this for a magnificent region at home, through which, for the last five years long trains of railroad cars have swept in thunder and smoke, passing it with such rapid movement that it remains smoke, passing it with such rapid movement that it remains in almost the same obscurity as existed before the vast wall of mountains that surround it had been scaled, and its green summer glades, and island bays, shadowy valleys, and breezy promontories, were rendered acces-sible to the traveller. I allude to the Alleghany

portion of Maryland. During the rage of the dog star along our Atlautic border, last summer, I fled to the mountain tops for cool air, unladen with vapors of our rivers and coasts, and rendered thin, transparent, and buoyant, in having nearly 3,000 feet less of superincumbent atmosphere than the murky, stagnant region from which I

from Washington. The railroad ascends the this point the traveller, who will take leave of the cars, may look abroad upon as fine a prospect "of hill and dale and vale"—and another generation will add "as goodly towers"—as

ever met the poet's eye. But looking from the car windows, the Big Backbone Mountain on one hand, and the Savbasin into which the railroad descends, by its tigest elevation of three thousand feet, to the Youghiogeny, whence it again ascends nearly to the level of Altamont, at Cranbury summit, twenty miles west. Meadow Mountain, connected with the chain that runs along the to the west and southwest (joining, like a great rib, the Big Rack-Bone Mountain) make a circle of mountains, the ragged rim of an oblong tailey of between thirty and forty miles in length, and twenty in width. It seems a valloy made on the tops of mountains, their reguthe circumference to form a frontier, undulating ridges extending from it, like radii, to the centre of the valley, and forming lovely glades between, like prairies, the gently winding Youghrogeny formed by multitudes of lucid tributaries which burst from the sides of every spur. The glades are rich with high waving grasses, to which the Virginia and Maryland stock-graziers below the mountains send their stock to get fat during the summer, and from which the sparse

delicious staple for the city markets—the glade healthy region, should be so thinly settled, and so little known. It is susceptible of the most lucrative cultivation. The ridges which run from the circle of mountains, and separate the extensive prairie glades from each other, are rich, and crowned with the noblest forests. Some give birth to Titanic white oaks, with limbs of diameters equal to ordinary trees, contorted into elbows, and knees, and erooks, of every shape, which, when the tops are put in motion by high winds, give them the appear ance of an army of giants, contending like athletes. Some of the high grounds near the river and larger creeks are exalted with white pines of enormous trunks, ascending more than 200 feet in the air. Others, again, are covered the midst of the Alleghanies. No man ever with sugar trees, probably the largest anywhere to be found—some I saw would measure The same prominent, firm-set chin, resolved between four and five feet in diameter. The boundary mountains, which fence in this re-

resident population obtain celebrity for their

has water power to turn all the forest wealth into ship timber, immber for houses, railroads, and budges. The Youghiogeny leaps from the level plain at the Swallow Falls in a perpendicular column, of a height sufficient, without a dam, to move any amount of machinery. Another fine stream which meets it here has a perpendicular fall of forty-five feet, and this is He has always been looked upon, although an but one of a succession. Deep Creek makes its way from the mountain valley to that of the great west in headlong steps, that in the course of a few miles make the whole stream descend he never had more than six months' schooling, he writes a strong legible hand, and has a nahood of this vast water power that the grand tive eloquence and talent for conversation pine forests have arisen, as if to tempt Northern enterprise to use it for their destruction.

In addition to this tempation, the hill-side In addition to this tempation, the hill-sides crop out with coal-beds and ores. In natural meadows, as well or where the land is tilled, either in the plams or on the ridges, it is prodigat in production. The tame grasses, oats, rye, buckwheat, and potatoes, and, in some exposures, Indian corn and wheat, do well; and through the midst runs one of the best and best managed railroads in our country terminals. best-managed railroads in our country, termi-nating at tide-water, at Baltingore, and meeting the steam pavigation on the Ohio, at Wheel-ing and Parkersburg.

Why a region so heautiful and healthy and fertile—a region, taken as a fragment, capable of making a more important State than either Delaware or Rhode Island—should have remained comparatively a wilderness so long, will take some future occasion to explain. Bu this involves the discussion of a State policy which, fatal at home, well deserves considerate exposure, and the more especially as it affects deeply the welfare of other States, and the great principle that underlies all our Governments.

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breezy elevations, opening up the bright land scape to the view of the more cheerful and light-hearted; and for the most social there is might fancy to have prevailed when Chaos a little village, communicating almost hourly ments. Along the streams to which the spring give birth, including the river—the smallest rivulet as well as the larger tributaries which have their origin in the horizon of mountains around—the angler may ply his skill, and get health and appetite for both the sport and its

drowned his faculties, so to spear, until all was lost save thought, and thought was horrible, for it had usurped his whole being, had become consciousness, sensation, all—it ached like his brain; it ebbed and flowed like his blood; it better the bird shooter may indulge his vein in every copse with pheasants, and in some localities in shootquivered in his nerves; it went through digestive and renal processes; it swelled in the lungs, inflating them; it received impressions like the enidermis and all the time it rushed recreation among the shades, refreshed with the cool exhalations from brooks fed from the deep reservoirs of the winter's snow, I gained such vigor that I was inspired to attempt greater exploits among greater game. Arrange-ments were made with the most celebrated bear hunters of the Alleghanies to meet at Oakland, the central village between the summits, on the VISIT TO THE ALLEGHANIES OF first of this month, prepared for a bear campaign. The enmy had made frequent descents upon the flocks of sheep of those neighboring the mountains, and had spread havoc among the hogs that ventured for mast into the wilder-

To the scene of these forays we repaired, with fierce dogs and bold men, but the cunning say ages got wind of us, and fled to the vast laurel and rhododendra thickets, which extend many miles along the great chasms between the mo tain ranges, filling them up with an impenetraare many feet deep, strong, and unvielding to a the mountain recesses like great bays and in lets of the ocean between promontories, become as secure retreats for the brute lords of the wild omain, as were the mountain keeps of the wardeep ravines, precipitous crags, and the abattis of sharp-pointed, impenetrable brushwood. In their early attempts at fortification, the lat-ter seem to have looked to the instincts of the

aboriginal masters of the forests for instruction.
The labyrinths of winding ways which pervaded ancient fortresses, in which assailants ignorant of the clue lost themselves, and be came imprisoned, while the retreating garrison, familiar with the maze, escaped. and everywhere squeezing my body through the dense and stubborn limbs by the help my arms and legs. It was stiffer swimmi than up a swift and rolling current. The bed slip under this obstruction, along paths wo in many spots a foot deep by the tread of ce turies. Here the inexpert woodsman soon los

only emerge at night to feed upon the chestnuts open woods. We found their signs in these feeding places—leaves piled in bunches where they had scratched for nuts—trees scratched, Pennsylvania line, and the range that marks the boundary between Virginia and Maryland, and tender bushes broken by the cubs at play, and the print of the great cushioned club-foot and the gr in the mud, and in the soft soil from which they had removed the leaves. But they denied us and our dogs the honor of further acquaint ance. They put themselves upon their dignity, and we did not get a glimpse of so much of a stout gentleman as Washington Irving's ner-

We were obliged, therefore, to conclude hunt, and disguise our defeat and chagrin by a carousal at camp over a fat buck, whose ribs and tender loin on spits made our camp fire delicious to all our senses; in its warmth to our cold and tired limbs; in its foretaste of savory viands to our famished appetites; in the rich smoking venison itself, a full gratification to our craving become, we had nothing to leaves tossed up knee deep, and dried before the fire and turned to down, with a comfort spread to hold them together, and a Mackinaw blanket and a star-lit sky over all.

I cannot close without telling you that me mountain companions were as noble and sensi-ble fellows as it has ever been my fortune to meet. They were all Roman centurious in with a Washington or Jackson to lead, could hold the despotisms of the world in awe, and ar and overthrow the liberties of the people. The were, for the most part, descendents of Meshack Browning, now the octogenarian chief of the bear hunters of the mountains, where his infancy, manhood, and old age, have been spent. expressing themselves in lightning, sometime in the soft radiance of the rainbow made of tears. He has the same thin, elevated, furrow hair, lifted like the roused cagle's.

This venerable man, who has been a hunte all his life, and made his living and portione off his offspring, new amounting to 122, with mountain freeholds acquired by his gun, may illiterate man, as the foremost among the peo ple for sound sense, integrity, heroic courage kindness, generosity, and courtesy. Although he never had more than six months' schooling, which makes all willing listeners, no matter who compose the company. His friends have per-suaded him to write the incidents and adventures of his life. It may well be entitled "The Life of a Hunter." For the greater part of a century, and amidst the wildest and grandest scenes of our country, he has been one of the highest and most romantic caste,

I read as much of his story in manuscript as my active pursuit of the same enjoyments in the same region would permit, and was charmed inal grandeur of the wilderness, and of the lux-uriance and beauty of the creation, animate and inanimate, that belongs to it, to verify the graphic descriptions of his pages, and justify given with all the simplicity of Robinson Cru-soe, but it has the advantage of a vividness and strength of expression and of spirit, supported the unwieldy game of Africa, although it attains It is a subject which awaits an important epoch that approaches, and will then command the interest for me. Caumings is a military tacto a dancing kid, and a Satyr stretched his lazy limbs, and a Dryad bent down from her tree to drop flowery coronals upon their brows.

From the forest walks, so green and dappled with the sunshine, came the tinkling sound of sund the Rose.

attention of the people of Maryland. Let me tician and scholar, and does his work like a tention of the people of Maryland. Let me tician and scholar, and does his work like a tention of the people of Maryland. Let me tician and scholar, and does his work like a tention of the people of the people of Maryland. Let me tician and scholar, and does his work like a tention of the people of the mountains is a natural-born hunter, educated solely in nature's own school, and gifted by nature to tell her story eloquently and truly, tician and scholar,